

Enter King John, Queen Eleanor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillon of France.  
 King John. How say Chastillon, what would France with vs?  
 Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France,  
 In my behaviour to the Maiesty.  
 The borrowed Maiesty of England heere.  
 Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?  
 K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.  
 Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe  
 Of thy decaied brother, Geffreyes sonne,  
 Arthur Plantagenet, laies most lawfull claime  
 To this faire land, and the Territories:  
 To Ireland, Poytiers, Anjoue, Torayne, Maine,  
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
 Which swaies vsurpingly these feuerall titles,  
 And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,  
 Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.  
 K. John. What folloves if we disallow of this?  
 Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,  
 To enforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,  
 K. John. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,  
 Contrelement for contrelement: so answer France.  
 Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,  
 The farthest limit of my Embassie.  
 K. John. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,  
 Be thou as lightning in the eies of France;  
 For ere thou canst report, I will be there:  
 The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard,  
 So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
 And sullen preface of your owne decay:  
 An honourable conduct let him haue,  
 Pembroke looke too: farewell Chastillon.  
 Exit Chat. and Pem.  
 Ele. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said  
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
 Till she had kindled France and all the world,  
 Vpon the right and party of her sonne.  
 This might haue bene prevented, and made whole  
 With very easie arguments of loue,  
 Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must  
 With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.  
 K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.  
 Eli. Your strong possession much more then your right,  
 Or else it must go wrong with you and me,  
 So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

The names of the Actors



# The life and death of King John

Actus Primus, Scena Prima

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Which none but  
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 K. John. Let  
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 Philip. Your f  
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